

The Historie of

The very bottome and the soule of Hope,
The very list, the very vtmost bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Doug. Fayth, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweete reuersion.
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in,
A comfort of restirement liues in this.

Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and Mischance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been heere:
The qualitie and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diuision, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away;
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:
This absence of your Father drawes a curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You straine too farre.
I rather of his absence make this vse,
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your greate enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We shall, or turne it topsie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this deame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Henry the Fourth.

Hot. My coosen *Vernon*, welcome by my soule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lo
The Earle of *Westmerland*, seauen thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince *John*.

Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further, I haue learnd,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too; Where is his Son
The nimble-footed madcap, *Prince of Wales*,
And his Cumrades, that dast the world aside,
And bid it passe?

Ver. All furnisht? all in Armes?
All plumpelike *Eltriges*, that with the winde
Bayted like *Eagles*, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden Coates like Images,
As full of spirit as the moneth of May,
And gorgious as the Sunne at *Midsummer*;
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wild as young Bulls:
I saw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly armde,
Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with such ease into his seate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turn and winde a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witch the world with noble Horse-manship.

Hot. No more, no more, worse then the Sunne
This prayse doth nourish Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of smokie warre,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Alrar sit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire
To heare this rich repizall is so nigh:
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-boult,
Against the bosome of the *Prince of Wales*.

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